

LETTERS
FROM
YORICK TO ELIZA.



L O N D O N:
Printed for W. JOHNSTON, N^o. 16,
LUDGATE-STREET.

MDCCLXXIII.

LETTERS

ASHLEY



LIBRARY

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

L O R D A P S L E Y,

Lord high Chancellor of England.

My L O R D,

THE Editor of the following letters, is so far from having tasted your Lordship's bounty, that he is, and perhaps ever must remain, a stranger to your person, consequently, no adulation is to be apprehended from him—

DEDICATION.

He leaves it to the weak and oppressed, the widow and orphan, to proclaim your Lordship's virtues in your public capacity; that which he would celebrate is of a private nature, namely, your filial affection, which is so conspicuous, that he flatters himself a volume of letters, written by such a person as Mr. Sterne, on which your noble father is placed in a light so truly amiable, cannot fail of engaging your Lordship's gracious acceptance and protection—In this hope, and upon this foundation, he presumes to
dedicate

DEDICATION.

dedicate these papers to your Lordship, and to have the honour of subscribing himself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's,

Most obedient

And most humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONIES TO THE PRESENT

BY J. A. COOPER

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONIES TO THE PRESENT

BY J. A. COOPER

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONIES TO THE PRESENT

BY J. A. COOPER

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONIES TO THE PRESENT

BY J. A. COOPER

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONIES TO THE PRESENT

BY J. A. COOPER

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE COLONIES TO THE PRESENT

BY J. A. COOPER

P R E F A C E.

THE foul and infamous traffic, between dishonest book-fellers and profligate scribblers, which has subsisted for more than a century, has justly brought posthumous publications under suspicion, in England, France, and more especially in Holland : ministers of state in every European court, great generals, royal mistresses, authors of established reputation, in a word, all such as have

had the misfortune to advance themselves to eminence, have been obliged to leave behind them parcels of letters, and other memoirs, of the most secret and important transactions of their times, in which every fact, beyond the information of a news-paper or coffee-house chat is so faithfully misrepresented, every character delineated with such punctual deviation from the truth, and causes and effects which have no possible relation, are with such amazing effrontery obtruded upon the public, that it is no wonder if men of sense, who
read

[iii]

read for instruction as well as entertainment, generally condemn them in the lump, never, or very rarely, affording them the honour of a perusal—The publisher of these letters, however, has not the smallest apprehension that any part of this well grounded censure can fall to his share ; he deals not in surprising events to astonish the reader, nor in characters (one excepted) which have figured on the great theatre of the world ; he purposely waves all proofs which might be drawn concerning their authenticity, from the character of
the

the gentleman who had the perusal of the originals, and, with Eliza's permission, faithfully copied them at Bombay in the East Indies; from the testimony of many respectable families in this city, who knew and loved Eliza, caressed and admired Mr. Sterne, and were well acquainted with the tender friendship between them, from many curious anecdotes in the letters themselves, any one of which were fully sufficient to authenticate them, and submits his reputation to the taste and discernment of the commonest reader, who must, in one view, perceive

ceive that these letters are genuine, beyond any possibility of doubt—As the public is unquestionably entitled to every kind of information concerning the characters contained in these letters, which consists with the duties of humanity and a good citizen, that is, a minute acquaintance with those of whom honourable mention is made, or the publisher is furnished with authorities to vindicate from Mr. Sterne's censures, which, as a man of warm temper and lively imagination, he was perhaps sometimes hurried into without due reflection, he persuades

suades himself that no party concerned will or can be offended with this publication, especially if it is considered, that without such information it would be cold and uninteresting; that by publishing their merits he cannot be understood to intend them any injury, and without it would himself fail in his duty to the public — Eliza, the lady to whom these letters are addressed, is Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Esq. counsellor at Bombay, and at present chief of the English factory at Surat, a gentleman very highly re-

†

spected

spected in that quarter of the globe
—She is by birth an East Indian;
but the circumstance of being born
in the country not proving sufficient
to defend her delicate frame
against the heats of that burning
climate, she came to England for
the recovery of her health, when
by accident she became acquainted
with Mr. Sterne. He immediately
discovered in her a mind so
congenial with his own, so enlightened,
so refined, and so tender,
that their mutual attraction presently
joined them in the closest union
that purity could possibly admit of;
he

he loved her as his friend, and prided in her as his pupil; all her concerns became presently his; her health, her circumstances, her reputation, her children were his; his fortune, his time, his country were at her disposal, so far as the sacrifice of all or any of these might in his opinion contribute to her real happiness. If it is asked whether the glowing heat of Mr. Sterne's affection never transported him to a flight beyond the limits of pure platonism, the publisher will not take upon him absolutely to deny it; but this he thinks so far from
leaving

leaving any stain upon that gentleman's memory, that it perhaps includes his fairest encomium, since to cherish the seeds of piety and chastity in a heart which the passions are interested to corrupt, must be allowed to be the noblest effort of a soul, fraught and fortified with the justest sentiments of Religion and Virtue—Mr. and Mrs. James, so frequently and honourably mentioned in these letters, are the worthy heads of an opulent family in this city; their character is too well established to need the aid of the publisher in securing the estimation

mation they so well deserve and universally possess, yet he cannot restrain one observation; that to have been respected and beloved by Mr. Sterne and Mrs. Draper is no inconsiderable testimony of their merit, and such as it cannot be displeasing to them to see published to the world—Miss Light, now Mrs. Stratton, is on all accounts a very amiable young lady—She was accidentally a passenger in the same ship with Eliza, and instantly engaged her friendship and esteem, but being mentioned in one of Mrs. Draper's letters to Mr. Sterne, in
somewhat

somewhat of a comparative manner, with herself, his partiality for her, as she modestly expressed it, took the alarm, and betrayed him into some expressions, the coarseness of which cannot be excused. Mrs. Draper declares, that this lady was entirely unknown to him, and infinitely superior to his idea of her : she has been lately married to George Stratton, Esq. Counsellor at Madras — The manner in which Mr. Sterne's acquaintance with the celebrated Lord Bathurst, the friend and companion of Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, and all the finest wits of the last age, commenced,

b

cannot

cannot fail to attract the attention of the curious reader: here that great man is social and unreserved, unshackled with that sedulity in supporting a feigned character which exposes most of his rank to the contempt of wise men, and the ridicule of their valets de chambre; here he appears the same as in his hours of festivity and happiness with Swift and Addison, superior to forms and ceremonies, and, in his eighty-fifth year, abounding in wit, vivacity and humanity: methinks the pleasure of such a gentleman's acquaintance resembles that of conversing with superior beings;

beings; but it is not fit to dwell longer on this pleasing topic, least it should anticipate the reader's pleasure in perusing the letter itself: one remark however it suggests, which may be useful to old men in general, to wit, that it appears, by his lordship's example, the four contracted spirit observable in old age, is not specifically an effect of years, altho' they are commonly pleaded in it's excuse. Old men would therefore do well to correct this odious quality in themselves; or, if that must not be, to invent a better apology for it — It is very much to be lamented, that Eliza's

modesty was invincible to all the publisher's endeavours to obtain her answers to these letters: her wit, penetration and judgment, her happiness in the epistolary stile, so rapturously commended by Mr. Sterne, could not fail to furnish a rich entertainment for the public. The publisher could not help telling her, that he wished to God she really was possessed of that vanity with which she was charged; to which she replied, that she was so far from acquitting herself of vanity, that she suspected that to be the cause why she could not prevail on herself to submit her letters to the public

public eye ; for altho' Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's, she could not hope that the world would be so too : with this answer he was oblig'd to be contented ; yet cannot reflect without deep concern, that this elegant accomplishment, so peculiarly adapted to the refined and delicate understandings of ladies, should be yet so rare that we can boast of only one lady Wortley Montague among us, and that Eliza in particular could not be prevailed on to follow the example of that admired Lady—The reader will remark, that these letters have various signatures, sometimes he
 signs

signs Sterne, sometimes Yorick, and to one or two he signs her Bramin; altho' it is pretty generally known who the Bramins are, yet least any body should be at a loss, it may not be amiss to observe, that the principal cast or tribe among the idolatrous Indians are the Bramins, and out of the chief class of this cast come the priests, so famous for their austerities, and the shocking torments, and frequently death, they voluntarily expose themselves to, on a religious account: now, as Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, and Eliza an Indian by birth, it was customary with her to call

him her Bramin, which he accordingly, in his pleasant moods, uses as a signature—It remains only, to take some little notice of the family marked with asterisks, on whom Mr. Sterne has thought proper to shed the bitterest gall of his pen ; it is however evident, even from some passages in the letters themselves, that Mrs. Draper could not be easily prevailed on to see this family in the same odious light in which they appeared to her, perhaps over zealous, friend. He, in the heat, or I may say, hurry of his affection, might have accepted suspicious circumstances as real evidences of
guilt,

guilt, or listened too unguardedly to the insinuations of their enemies : be that as it may, as the publisher is not furnished with sufficient authorities to exculpate them, he chuses to drop the ungrateful subject, heartily wishing, that this family may not only be innocent of the shocking treachery with which they are charged, but may be able to make their innocence appear clearly to the world, otherwise that no person may be industrious enough to discover and make known their name.

ELIZA will receive my books with this, the summons came all hot from the heart; I wish that cou'd give them any title to be offered to yours: the others came from the head; I am more indifferent about their reception—

I know not how it comes, but I am half in love with you—I ought to be wholly so; for I never valued (or saw more good qualities to value) or
B thought

[2]

thought more of one of your sex, than
of you—So adieu.

Yours faithfully,

If not affectionately—

L—S—N E.

I Cannot rest Eliza, tho' I shall call on you at half past twelve, till I know how you do—may thy dear face smile as thou risest, like the sun of this morning! I was much griev'd to hear of your alarming indisposition yesterday; and disappointed too at not being let in—Remember, my dear, “that a friend has the same right as a physician” the etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise; no matter, delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines—I am going out to breakfast, but shall be at my lodgings by eleven, when I hope to read a single

B. 2

line

[4]

line under thy own hand, that thou
art better, and will be glad to see,

Thy

Nine o'Clock.

B R A M I N.

I Got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I din'd; and where I was heard (as I talk'd of thee for an hour without intermission) with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three several times; and tho' he is now in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend, to my fair Indian disciple; and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth, as she already does in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit—I hope so too.

B 3

This

This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table.—

The manner in which his notice of me began, was singular, as it was polite: he came up to me one day, as I was at the Princess of Wales's court — “ I want to know you, Mr. S—ne; but it is fit you should also know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard, continued he, of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Pope's and Swift's have sung and spoken so much: I have liv'd my life
with

with genius's of that cast, but have surviv'd them; and despairing ever to find their equals, 'tis some years since I clos'd my accounts, and shut up my books, with thoughts of never opening them again: But you have kindled a desire in me to open them once more before I die; which I now do—so go home and dine with me.”

This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy! for at eighty five he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty—a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which, a man of learning, courtesy and feeling.—

He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction, for there was only a third person, and of sensibility, with us—and a most sentimental afternoon, till nine o'clock, have we pass'd! But thou, Eliza, was the star that conducted and enlighten'd the discourse! and when I talk'd not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm ev'ry thought I utter'd! for I am not ashamed to acknowledge, I greatly miss thee—best of all good girls! the sufferings I have sustain'd all night on account of thine, Eliza, are beyond my power of words—assuredly does heaven give strength proportion'd to the weight he lays upon us—Thou hast been bow'd down, my
 3 child,

child, with every burthen that sorrow
 of heart and pain of body cou'd inflict
 on a poor being—and still thou tell'st
 me that thou art beginning to get ease,
 thy fever gone — thy sickness, the
 pain in thy side vanishing also—

May every evil so vanish, that
 thwarts Eliza's happiness, or but a-
 wakens her fears for a moment—Fear
 nothing, my dear, hope every thing;
 and the balm of this passion will shed
 it's influence on thy health, and make
 thee enjoy a spring of youth and
 chearfulness, more than thou hast
 hardly yet tasted—

And

And so thou hast fix'd thy Bramin's
 portrait over thy writing desk, and
 will consult it in all doubts and diffi-
 culties; grateful good girl! Yorick
 smiles contentedly over all thou doest,
 his picture does not do justice to his
 own complacency—

Thy sweet little plan and distribu-
 tion of thy time, how worthy of
 thee!

Indeed, Eliza, thou leavest one no-
 thing to direct thee in, thou leavest
 me nothing to require, nothing to ask,
 but a continuance of that conduct
 which won my esteem, and has made
 me thy friend for ever.

May

May the roses come quick back to thy check, and the rubies to thy lips! but trust my declaration, Eliza, that thy husband (if he is the good feeling man I wish him) will press thee to him with more honest warmth and affection, and kiss thy pale poor dejected face with more transport, than he wou'd be able to do in the best bloom of all thy beauty—and so he ought.—I pity him.—He must have strange feelings, if he knows not the value of such a creature as thou art—

I am glad Miss Light goes with you, she may relieve you from many anxious moments.

I am

I am glad too, that your shipmates are friendly beings—you cou'd least dispense with what is contrary to thy own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza, it wou'd civilize savages; tho' pity were it, thou should'st be tainted with the office.—

How canst thou make apologies for thy last letter! 'tis most delicious to me, for the very reasons you excuse it—

Write to me, my child, only such, let them speak the easy chearfulness of a heart that opens itself any how, and every how, to a man you ought to esteem and trust—

Such

Such Eliza, I write to thee, and so
I shou'd ever live with thee, most art-
lessly, most affectionately, if Provi-
dence permitted thy residence in the
same section of the globe. For I am
all that honour and inclination can
make me.

Thy

B R A M I N

I Write this Eliza, at Mr. James's, whilst he is dressing, and the dear girl his wife is writing beside me, to thee—

I got your melancholy billet before we sat down to dinner; 'tis melancholy indeed my dear, to hear so piteous an account of thy sickness, thou art encompass'd with evils enow, without that additional weight—I fear it will sink thy poor soul, and body with it, past recovering—Heaven supply thee with fortitude! We have talk'd of nothing but thee, Eliza, and of thy
sweet

sweet virtues, and endearing conduct,
the whole afternoon.—

Mrs. James and the Bramin have
mix'd their tears a hundred times, in
speaking of thy hardships, thy good-
ness, thy graces, 'tis a subject that
will never end betwixt us—Oh! she
is good and friendly!

The *** by heaven are worthless;
I have heard enough to tremble at the
articulation of the name—How cou'd
you, Eliza leave them (or suffer them
to leave you rather) with impressions
the least favourable? I have told thee
enough to plant disgust against their
treachery to thee, to the last hour of
* thy

thy life — yet still thou told'st Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately loved thee—Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness—For God's sake, write not to them, nor foul thy fair characters with such polluted hearts—They love thee!—What proof?—Is it their actions which say so? or their zeal for those attachments which do thee honour, and make thee happy? Or their tenderness for thy fame? No, but they weep, and say tender things—Adieu to all such for ever.—

Mrs.

Mrs. James's honest heart revolts against the idea of even returning them one visit. I honour her, and honour thee for almost every act of thy life, but this blind partiality to an unworthy being.

Forgive my zeal, dear girl, and allow me a right, which arises only out of that fund of affection I have and shall preserve for thee, to the hour of my death—

Reflect Eliza, what are my motives for perpetually advising thee, think whether I can have any which proceed not from the cause I have mentioned?

C

I think

I think you a very deserving woman, and that you want nothing but firmness, and a better opinion of yourself, to be the best *female* character I know.—

I wish I cou'd inspire you with a share of that vanity your enemies lay to your charge (tho' to me it has never been visible) because I think, in a well turn'd mind, it will produce good effects—

I probably shall never see you more; yet flatter myself you will sometimes think of me with pleasure; because you must be convinced I love you, and so interest myself in your rectitude,

[19]

tude, that I had rather hear of any
evil befalling you, than your want of
reverence for yourself—

I had not power to keep this remon-
strance in my breast—tis now out—
so adieu! Heaven watch over my
Eliza.

Thine

YORICK.

TO whom shou'd Eliza apply in her distress, but to the friend that loves her; why then, my dear, do you apologize for employing me?

Yorick wou'd be offended, and with reason, if you ever sent commissions to another, which he cou'd execute—I have been with Zumps—and first your piano-forte must be tun'd from the brass middle string of your guitar, which is C.—I have got you a hammer too, and a pair of pliers to twist your wire with; and may every one of them, my dear, vibrate sweet comfort

fort to thy hopes! I have bought you ten handsome brass screws to hang your necessaries upon: I purchas'd twelve, but stole a couple from you, to put up in my own cabin at Coxwauld—I shall never hang or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you—I have bought thee, moreover, a couple of iron screws, which are more to be depended on than brass, for the globe—

I have wrote also to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, to acquaint him that I had dispatched these in a packet directed to his care, which I desir'd he wou'd seek after the moment the Deal machine arrives—I

have moreover given directions to him, what sort of an arm chair you wou'd want, and have directed to purchase the best that Deal cou'd afford, and to take it with the parcel in the first boat that went off—Would, I cou'd, Eliza, thus supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes! it would be a state of happiness to me—

The journal is as it should be, all but it's contents—

Poor dear, patient being! I do more than pity you, for I think I lose both firmness and philosophy, as I figure to myself your distresses—

Do

Do not think I spoke last night with too much asperity of ***; there was a cause; and besides, a good heart ought not to love a bad one, and indeed cannot. But adieu to the ungrateful subject—

I have been this morning to see Mrs. James; she loves thee tenderly and unfeignedly; she is alarm'd for thee; she says thou look'dst most ill and melancholy on going away; she pities thee—I shall visit her every Sunday while I am in town—

As this may be my last letter, I earnestly bid thee farewell! may the God of kindness be kind to thee, and

approve himself thy protector now thou art defenceless ! and for thy daily comfort, bear in thy mind this truth, “ That whatever measure of sorrow and distress is thy portion, it will be repaid to thee in a full measure of happiness, by the Being thou hast wisely chosen for thy eternal friend—Farewell, farewell Eliza, while I live count upon me, as the most disinterested and warm of earthly friends.

Y O R I C K.

My Dearest ELIZA,

I Began a new journal this morning: you shall see it, for if I live not till your return to England, I will leave it you as a legacy: tis a sorrowful page, but I will write chearful ones, and could I write letters to thee, they should be chearful ones too, but few (I fear) will reach thee—however, depend upon receiving something of the kindly every post, till thou wavest thy hand, and bidst me write no more—Tell me how you are, and what sort of fortitude heaven inspires thee with. How are your accommodations my dear?

—is

— is all right? — scribble away any thing and every thing to me. Depend upon seeing me at Deal with the James's, should you be detain'd there by contrary winds. Indeed, Eliza, I should with pleasure fly to you, could I be the means of rendring you any service, or doing you any kindness—

“ Gracious and merciful God, consider the anguish of a poor girl, strengthen and preserve her, in all the shocks her frame must be expos'd to, she is now without protector but thee; save her from all the accidents of a dangerous element, and give her comfort at the last”—

My

My prayer, Eliza, I hope is heard,
for the sky seems to smile upon me as
I look up to it—

I am just return'd from our dear Mrs.
James's, where I have been talking
of thee these three hours—She has got
your picture and likes it, but Mariot
and some other judges agree, that
mine is the better, and expressive of
a sweeter character; but what is that
to the original? yet I acknowledge
her's a picture for the world, and mine
only calculated to please a very sin-
cere friend, or sentimental philoso-
pher—

In

In the one you are dressed in smiles, and with all the advantages of silks, pearls, and ermine, in the other, simple as a vestal, appearing the good girl nature made you; which to me conveys an idea of more unaffected sweetness, than Mrs. Dr—p—r habited for conquest in a birth day suit, with her countenance animated and “dimples visible”—

If I remember right, Eliza, you endeavour'd to collect every charm of your person into your face with more than common care, the day you sat for Mrs. James, your colour too brighten'd, and your eyes shone with more than their usual brilliancy—

I then

I then requested you to come simple and unadorn'd when you sat for me, knowing (as I see with unprejudic'd eyes) that you cou'd receive no addition from the silkworm's aid, or jeweller's polish—

Let me now tell you a truth, which I believe I utter'd before—when I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of compassion, and a very plain woman—

The mode of your dress (the fashionable) disfigur'd you — but nothing now cou'd render you such, but the being sollicitous to make yourself admir'd as a handsome one—

You

You are not handsome, Eliza—nor is your's a face that will please the tenth part of your beholders—

But you are something more; for I scruple not to tell you, I never saw so intelligent, so animated, so good a countenance; nor ever was there, nor will there be, that man of sense, tenderness, and feeling in your company three hours, that was not, or will not be, your admirer and friend in consequence of it, *i. e.* if you assume or assumed no character foreign to your own, but appear'd the artless being nature design'd you for—a something in your voice and eyes, you possess in a degree more

more persuasive than any woman I ever saw, read, or heard of:

But it is that bewitching sort of nameless excellence, that men of *nice sensibility* alone can be touch'd with—

Was your husband in England, I wou'd freely give him 500l. (if money cou'd purchase the acquisition) to let you only sit by me two hours in the day, while I wrote my sentimental journey—I am sure the work wou'd sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimburs'd the sum more than seven times told—

I would

I would not give nine-pence for the picture of you, that the Newnham's have got executed; it is the resemblance of a concerted, made up coquette—your eyes, and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) which are perfections that must strike the most indifferent judge, because they are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels, are manifestly inspir'd by the affected leer of the one, and strange appearance of the other, owing to the attitude of the head, which is a proof of the artist's, or your friend's false taste—

The

The * * * 's verify the character I
once gave, of teasing and sticking
like pitch or bird lime—

Sent a card that they wou'd wait on
Mrs. * * * on Friday.

She sent back she was engag'd ;

Then to meet at Ranelagh to-night ;
she answer'd she did not go—

She says if she allows the least foot-
ing, she never shall get rid of the
acquaintance, which she is resolv'd to
drop at once—

D

She

She knows them; she knows they are not her friends or yours, and the first use they wou'd make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time—

Let her not, then, let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyself; she begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them—'twill give her, and thy Bramin too, inexpressible pain — be assur'd, all this is not without reason on her side. I have my reasons too, the first of which is, that I should grieve to excess, if

Eliza

Eliza wanted that fortitude her Yorick has built so high upon—

I said I wou'd never more mention—the name to thee, and had I not receiv'd it as a kind of charge from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word—

I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best, and most endearing of girls: a peaceful night to thee; my spirit will be with thee thro' every watch of it—Adieu.

My dear Eliza,

OH! I grieve for your cabin, and fresh painting will be enough to destroy every nerve about thee—nothing so pernicious as white lead—take care of yourself, dear girl, and sleep not in it too soon, 'twill be enough to give you a stroke of an epilepsy—

I hope you will have left the ship, and that my letters may meet and greet you, as you get out of your post chaise at Deal—when you have got them all, put them, my dear, into
some

order—the first eight or nine are number'd, but I wrote the rest without that direction to thee—but thou wilt find them out by the day or hour, which, I hope, I have generally prefix'd to them; when they are got together in chronological order, sew them together under a cover—I trust they will be a perpetual refuge to thee from time to time, and that thou wilt (when weary of fools and uninteresting discourse) retire and converse an hour with them and me—

I have not had power or the heart, to aim at enlivening one of them with a single stroke of wit or humour; but they contain something better, and

D 3

what

what you will feel more suited to your situation—a long detail of much advice, truth, and knowledge—

I hope, too, you will perceive loose touches of an honest heart in every one of them, which speak more than the most studied periods, and will give thee more ground of trust and reliance upon Yorick, than all that labour'd eloquence cou'd supply—lean then thy whole weight Eliza, upon them and upon me.

“ May poverty, distress, anguish and shame be my portion, if ever I give thee reason to repent the knowledge of me.”—

With

With this asseveration, made in the presence of a just God, I pray to him that so it may speed with me, as I deal candidly and honourably with thee:

I would not mislead thee, Eliza, I would not injure thee in the opinion of a single individual, for the richest crown, the proudest monarch wears—

Remember, that, while I have life and power, whatever is mine you may style, and think yours; tho' sorry should I be, if ever my friendship was put to the test thus, for your own delicacy's sake—

D 4

Money

Money and counters are of equal use in my opinion, they both serve to set up with. I hope you will answer in this letter; but if thou art debarr'd by the elements which hurry thee away, I will write one for thee, and knowing it is such an one as thou wouldst have written, I will regard it as my Eliza's—

Honour and happiness, and health and comforts of every kind sail along with thee, thou most worthy of girls! I will live for thee and my Lydia, be rich for ye, dear children of my heart, gain wisdom, gain fame and happiness, to share them with thee and her, in my old age—

Once for all, Adieu ! Preserve thy life steadily, pursue the ends we propos'd, and let nothing rob thee of those powers heaven has given thee for thy well being—

What can I add more in the agitation of mind I am in, and within five minutes of the last postman's bell ; but recommend thee to heaven, and recommend myself to heaven with thee, in the same fervent ejaculation.

“ That we may be happy and meet again, if not in this world, in the next”—

Adieu,

[42]

Adieu, I am thine affectionately
Eliza, and everlastingly.

YORICK.—

My dear Eliza,

I Think you could act no otherwise than you did with your young soldier, there was no shutting the door against him, either in politeness or humanity—

Thou tell'st me he seems susceptible of tender impressions, and that before Miss L—t has sail'd a fortnight, he will be in love with her—

Now, I think it a thousand times more likely, that he attaches himself to thee, Eliza, because thou art a thousand times more amiable—

Five

Five months with Eliza, and in the same room, and an amorous son of Mars besides, “It no can be Maffer.” — The sun, if he could avoid it, wou’d not shine upon a dunghill; but his rays are so pure, Eliza, and celestial, I never heard they were polluted by it — Just such will thine be, my dearest child, in this and every such situation as you will be expos’d to, till thou art fix’d for life.—

But, thy discretion, thy wisdom, thy honour, the spirit of thy Yorick, and thy own spirit, which is equal to it, will be thy ablest counsellors—

Surely

Surely, by this time, something is doing towards thy accomodation—but why may not clean washing and rubbing do, instead of painting your cabin, as it is to be hung—paint is so pernicious both to your nerves and lungs, and will keep you, so much longer too, out of possession of your apartment, where I hope you will pass some of your happiest hours—

I fear the best of your shipmates, are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew, with which thou must behold them.

So was you know who, from the same fallacy that was put upon the judgment,

judgment, when — But I will not mortify you—If they are decent and distant, it is enough, and as much as is to be expected; if any of them are more, I rejoice—

Thou wilt want every aid, and 'tis thy due to have them—

Be cautious only, my dear, of intimacies; good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them—heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this and every other deadly trial!

Best of God's works! Farewell,
love me, I beseech thee, and remember for ever, I am, my Eliza, and
ever

ever will be in the most comprehensive sense,

Thy Friend—

Y O R I C K—

P. S. Probably you will have an opportunity of writing to me by some Dutch or French ship, or from the Cape de Verd Islands, 'twill reach me some how—

I Wish to God, Eliza, it was possible to postpone the voyage to India for another year, for I am firmly persuaded within my own breast, that thy husband could never limit thee with regard to time—

I fear that Mr. B. has exaggerated matters,—I like not his countenance, it is absolutely killing thee—should evil befall thee, what will he not have to answer for—I know not the being that will be deserving of so much pity, or that I shall hate more; he will be an outcast alien; in which case I will be a father to thy children my good girl,

girl, therefore take no thought about them—But, Eliza, if thou art so very ill, still put off all thoughts of returning to India this year—write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case—if he is the generous humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct—I am credibly informed, that his repugnance to your living in England arises only from the dread which has enter'd his brain, that thou mayest run him in debt, beyond thy appointments, and that he must discharge them—

That such a creature should be sacrificed, for the paultry consideration a few hundreds, is too, too hard!

E.

Oh!

Oh! my child, that I could with propriety indemnify him for every charge, even to the last mite, that thou hast been of to him! with joy would I give him my whole subsistence, nay, sequester my livings, and trust to the treasures heaven has furnish'd my head with for a future subsistence—

You owe much, I allow, to your husband; you owe something to appearances and the opinions of the world; but, trust me, my dear, you owe much likewise to yourself—Return therefore from Deal if you continue ill: I will prescribe for you gratis. You are not the first woman by many, I have done so for with success—

I will

I will send for my wife and daughter, and they shall carry you in pursuit of health to Montpelier, the wells of Bancer's, the Spaw, or whither thou wilt; thou shalt direct them, and make parties of pleasure in what corner of the world fancy points out to you—

We shall fish upon the banks of Arno, and lose ourselves in the sweet labyrinths of it's vallies, and then thou should'st warble to us, as I have once or twice heard thee "I'm lost, I'm lost," but we would find thee again, my Eliza—

Of a similar nature to this, was your physician's prescription "ease, gentle exercise, the pure southern air of France, or milder Naples, with the society of friendly gentle beings"—

Sensible man, he certainly enter'd into your feelings, he knew the fallacy of medicine to a creature, whose illness has arisen from the affliction of her mind—Time only, my dear, I fear you must trust to, and have your reliance on: may it give you the health so enthusiastic a votary to the charming goddess deserves—

I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things, which if explain'd,
had

Had been a panegyric on yourself—
 There is a dignity in venerable affliction
 which will not allow it to appeal to the
 world for pity, or redress—Well have
 you supported that character, my ami-
 able philosophic friend! And, indeed,
 I begin to think you have as many
 virtues, as my uncle Toby's widow—

I don't mean to insinuate, huffey,
 that my opinion is no better founded
 than his was of Mrs. Wadman; nor
 do I believe it possible for any Trim
 to convince me it is equally fallacious;
 I am sure while I have my reason it is
 not—

Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design to marry you myself—My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute, as yourself—'Tis true, I am ninety five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; rather too great a disparity this! but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humour—Not Swift so lov'd his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect—all those names, eminent

ment as they were, shall give place to
thine, Eliza.

Tell me in answer to this, that you
approve and honour the proposal; and
that you would (like the Spectator's
mistress) have more joy in putting on
an old man's slipper, than in associat-
ing with the gay, the voluptuous, and
the young—Adieu, my Simplicitia—

Yours

TRISTRAM.

Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design to marry you myself—My wife cannot live long—she has sold all the provinces in France already, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute, as yourself—'Tis true, I am ninety five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; rather too great a disparity this! but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humour—Not Swift so lov'd his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect—all those names, eminent

ment as they were, shall give place to
thine, Eliza.

Tell me in answer to this, that you
approve and honour the proposal; and
that you would (like the Spectator's
mistress) have more joy in putting on
an old man's slipper, than in associat-
ing with the gay, the voluptuous, and
the young—Adieu, my Simplicitia—

Yours

TRISTRAM.

My dear Eliza,

I Have been within the verge of the gates of death : I was ill the last time I wrote to you, and apprehensive of what would be the consequence. — My fears were but too well founded, for in ten minutes after I dispatch'd my letter, this poor fine-spun frame of Yorick's gave way, and I broke a vessel in my breast, and could not stop the loss of blood till four this morning—I have fill'd all thy India handkerchiefs with it, it came I think, from the heart — I fell a sleep thro' weakness.

weakness at six, and awoke with the
bosom of my shirt steep'd in tears—

I dream'd I was sitting under the
canopy of Indolence, and that thou
cam'st into the room with a shawl in
thy hand, and told me, “my spirit
had flown to thee to the Downs with
tidings of my fate, and that you was
come to administer what consolation
filial affection could bestow, and to
receive my parting breath and bless-
ings,” with that you folded the shawl
about my waist, and, kneeling, suppli-
cated my attention.

I awoke, but in what a frame!
Oh! my God! but “Thou wilt re-
member

member my tears, and put them all into thy bottle"—Dear girl, I see thee, thou art for ever present to my fancy, embracing my feeble knees, and raising thy fine eyes to bid me be of comfort—

And when I talk to Lydia, the words of Esau, as utter'd by thee, perpetually ring in my ears.

“ Bless me even also, my father.”—

Blessings attend thee, thou child of my heart — My bleeding is quite stopp'd, and I feel the principle of life
strong

strong within me—so be not alarm'd,
Eliza, I know I shall do well—

I have eat my breakfast with hunger, and I write to thee with a pleasure arising from that prophetic impression in my imagination.

“ That all will terminate to our hearts content”—Comfort thyself eternally with this persuasion, “ That the best of beings (as thou sweetly hast express'd it) could not by a combination of accidents, produce such a chain of events, merely to be the source of misery to the leading person engag'd in them”—

The

The observation was very applicable, very good, and very elegantly express'd — I wish my memory did justice to the wording of it—

Who taught you the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza? You absolutely have exalted it to a science—When I am in want of ready cash, and ill health will permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as *Finish'd Essays* by an *unfortunate Indian Lady*! The style is new, and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit; but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equall'd, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I'll answer
for.

for it, by any of your country women
in yours—

I have shew'd your letter to Mrs.
B. and to half the literati in town: you
shall not be angry with me for it, be-
cause I meant to do you honour by
it—

You cannot imagine how many ad-
mirers your epistolary productions
have gain'd you, that never view'd
your external merits—

I only wonder where thou couldst
acquire thy graces, thy goodness, thy
accomplishments! so connected! so
educated! Nature has surely study'd

to make thee her peculiar care, for thou art (and not in my eyes alone) the best and fairest of all her works—and so this is the last letter thou art to receive from me, because the Earl of Chatham (I read in the papers) is got to the Downs, and the wind (I find) is fair—if so, blessed woman, take my last, last farewell! cherish the remembrance of me, think how I esteem, nay, how affectionately I love thee, and what a price I set upon thee. Adieu, adieu; and with my adieu, let me give thee one short rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms, but I concenter it in one word,

—Reverence Thyself—

Adieu

Adieu once more, Eliza, may no anguish of heart plant a wrinkle upon thy face, till I behold it again; may no doubt or misgivings disturb the serenity of thy mind, or awaken a painful thought about thy children, for they are Yorick's, and Yorick is thy friend for ever—

Adieu, adieu, adieu—

P. S. Remember that “ Hope shortens all journies, by sweetning them;” so sing my little stanza on the subject, with the devotion of an hymn, every morning thou arisest, and thou wilt eat thy breakfast with more comfort for it—Blessings, rest
and

[64]

and Hygeia go with thee; may'st thou
soon return in peace and affluence to
illumine my night. I am, and shall
be the last to deplore thy loss, and
will be the first to congratulate, and
hail thy return—

Fare thee well—

ASHLEY
B M
LIBRARY

F I N I S.

